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Caught in a Shower.

'Twas a midsummer day, and the raindrops were falling
And stirring the leaves in a slumberous way,
First gentle and soft as the cooing and calling
Of doves to its mate at the parting of day;
Then faster and faster it came, till the plashing
Of waters grew loud, in its gathering power,
And the birds that above me, like jewels were flashing
Trilled songs of delight in the midst of the shower.
Then who should I meet but sweet Rose, the fairest
Of all the sweet flowers that illumine the morn,
But oh, all her dainty adornings, the rarest
That beauty can fashion, hung damp and forlorn.
She held up her hands, with a gesture entreating:
"Oh, Mr. La Rue, I young girl implore—
Of course I'm a fright! But how fortunate
meeting
You here. Why, I never once dreamed of a
shower."
Her hat was a wreck, but the eyes that were smiling
Beneath it were even as violets blue,
And her lips—well, I thought, so complete
their beguiling—
"If I were her lover I know what I'd do,
I gave her my arm, and beneath my umbrella
She crept, with a face like the rosebud flower,
For I think the divinest, tho' I dared not to
tell her.
The rapture I felt shielding her from the
shower.
'Tis summer again and the roses are giving
The wealth of their hearts to the covetous
air,
But fairest of all is my Rose, whose is weaving
The threads of our lives into unitary
And yea'erday eve as we watched the sunset
Submissive of day at the sweet twilight
hour,
She whispered in accents of loving made
tender:
"Oh, Fred, ar'n't you glad we were caught
in that shower?"

ATROCITIES IN BULGARIA.

**Fleishlich Work of the Turks—The Terrible
Bashis-Bazouks at Work—Massacre, In-
cendiarism, Slavery and Debauchery—
One Hundred and Twenty-One Villages
Destroyed.**
M. Ivan de Woestyne, correspondent
of the Paris Figaro, has made an ex-
tended tour through Bulgaria and has
written several graphic letters to that
journal, in which he describes the atrocities
committed by the Turks. The following
extracts will be found extremely
interesting. Although the author
is evidently anti-Turk in his feel-
ings, there is no reason for supposing
that the story he tells is exaggerated.
He thus describes his experience on
the first morning of his visit to Adriano-
ple:
"At the first street corner after leaving
my hotel I found myself opposite a man
hanging, whose legs were still kicking
convulsively. He was suspended from
the door of a shop. The feet were
fastened and the hands tied behind his
back, but the face was uncovered and
the tongue hung from the mouth. The
feet were scratching the side wall of
the door in a vain endeavor to find a resting
place. The shopkeeper, furious that his
house should have been chosen for the
execution, was abusing the "zapties,"
who went away laughing and driving
before them two other wretches whom
they were ordered to hang in different
parts of the town. The evening before,
the tribunal, which was composed of the
Turks and "chosen" Christians, had
condemned a dozen Bulgarians to death
on account of the revolt which took
place three months ago. It was decided
that three of them should be executed in
Adriano-ple, and the other nine scattered
through the country, one at each cross-
roads. I followed the soldiers who were
driving these unfortunates before them
with the butt ends of their guns, while
crows of boys threw stones at them and
shouted "Gyaur."
We soon came to a place constructed
of three pieces of wood, the upright and
arm being held in their places by a sup-
port from one to the other. This primi-
tive gallows was erected under a lamp
which had been pulled down the night
before by the weight of another man
executed there; for they hang them here
every day. In a few minutes every-
thing was ready. The cord rolled round
the arm of the gallows, ended in a run-
ning knot, which fell down to meet its
victim. One soldier placed it round the
neck of the shorter of the two con-
demned men, and then, upon a remark
made by one of his comrades, took it off
and adjusted it on the taller. The reason
given by the second soldier for this
change was that it was difficult to hang
tall men from the shops, which are gen-
erally low. The man was then placed
upon the scaffold, where he was kept in
position with blows from the butts of
the soldiers' guns until the rope was
finally adjusted, when the scaffold was
kicked from under him. They had not
even taken the trouble to fasten his
hands, which kicked convulsively in his
agonies, while the ill constructed gallows
groined. The crowd was already far distant.
At the corner of the street the cor-
tage seemed to be in doubt as to which
route they should take, and the soldiers
engaged in a discussion. It appears
that although they had been ordered to
hang one of the prisoners at the gal-
lows, yet they were free to strangle the
others when they pleased. They ad-
vanced toward a confectioner's shop,
which was somewhat larger than the
others, but the proprietor, guessing
their intentions, ran in front of the
troops and put something into the com-
mander's hand, who, changing his di-
rection, went to a cafe. Here the same
scene ensued, the owner of the cafe
took the sergeant's hand, who turned to
a cafe opposite with the same result.
All the shopkeepers not caring to have
a man hanging at their door all day
pay the zapties to go further on, and
the victim meanwhile has to follow their
zigzag march under an incessant rain
of abuse and stones. At last the cor-
tage stopped. The Bulgarian had failed.

I went away, for I had seen too much.
"Bashi" means in Turkish "head,"
and "Bazouk" "spoiled" or "dam-
aged," so that bashi-bazouk is "bad
head." This official name given to
these irregular troops show that the
government has allowed them to take
the initiative. The population of Turk-
ish villages, like those of villages every-
where else, are composed of men and
women, but with this difference, that
whereas with us the men are willing to
work, here they do nothing and are con-
tent to send their women into the fields,
as I have frequently seen them from the
top of my wagon in the vicinity of the
Turkish villages, and when leaving their
work they must go home with their faces
veiled. While the women work the
men sit at the door of their cabins
smoking the excellent tobacco which
their country affords. This is kept up
during the clement portion of the year,
and during the winter the women work
in the barns and farmhouses. There
comes a call "to arms," and everything
changes face.
Immediately an old flag is brought
out from the mosque, borne by a fel-
low man, in view of some past exploits,
bears the title of chief, accompanied by
priests reciting short verses of the
Koran, the religious sentiments of which
are "Down with the infidel," and the
real meaning an incitement to plunder
and destruction. The village is at once
full of life and activity. Old guns are
renewed; the old flintlocks are re-
paired and refitted; the broad blades of
the knives are cleaned and sharpened;
women and children all take a hand at
the work. They are thinking of the
spoils, and the great thing is to be ready
first. It is also a question of slaying
the gajours, for he who shall shed the
most blood will be able to aspire to the
first place or chieftainship of the vil-
lage. Vanity governs amid savages, it
seems, as it does amid the civilized.
The same day the sub prefect, or Kai-
makam, makes his appeal to these
patriotic (!) souls, every available man
is en route for the place named for the
meeting of the men and children, the
former going to teach the young how to
fight, the wounded and set fire to
vaccinated dwellings.
These reunions last several days, for
it is the villagers furthest off that re-
ceive the notice last and who have the
greatest distance to make. These latter,
on arriving at the town of meeting, find
the others gorged with booty, and, irri-
tated by jealousy, attack the Christians
in the streets, where they are supposed
to be protected. Among these bandits
the bravest or most brutal are the Cir-
cassians. The others wear the red
blouse and spatterdash—shoes they take
from the peasants—the belt is filled
with long knives and long barreled
pistols, and their linen, when they have
any, is always bespattered with blood
from the bodies of their victims. A
Greek vest fitted close around the body
and a handkerchief tied around the head
completes the dress. They wear nothing
around the neck. It would seem
that they are constantly in expectation
of being hung. Everything they have
on is filthy, repugnant, hideous. Such
are the men who, according to Turkish
newspapers, "leave their hearth and
home" to rob "in defense of their
country."
I have said that 1,000 regular trained
troops, which have not been sent, would
have been more effective, but 10,000
Bashi-Bazouks have been sent instead.
They will assassinate more than 30,000
persons. The fear inspired by the au-
thorities before an attack on some of
the Christian villages caused them to
abandon everything. A hundred and
twenty-one villages were burned. I
went by chance to look at one of these—
Perouchitza—the history of which I
will give. According to the estimate of
disinterested persons and European
officials, this is the hundred and twenty-
first, and this may even be considered
as beneath the number. Perouchitza
is situated to the left of the railroad
between Philippopolis and Pazardzhik,
midway between these two places, and
6,000 or 8,000 yards from the railroad.
It was a Christian village of 350 houses
and having more than 2,000 inhabitants,
planted, as it were, between several
Turkish boroughs as poor by its situ-
ation as Perouchitza was rich by its
labor. The instant the call was made
for volunteers Perouchitza was shut in
between all its neighbors. The nobles
who were saved in time arrived at
Philippopolis, where they demanded aid
more loudly than any one of their fellow
citizens, saying they had nothing to do
with the insurrection. The governor
replied to the effect that he would think
about it. The consuls intervened and
addressed themselves to an aide-de-camp
of the sultan sent from Constantinople
to report the true state of things. They
obtained a promise of help, which was
reduced to the sending of a commission
of conciliation. The commission did
not even go into the village, which the
assaults wanted disarmed, to begin
with.
This, in effect, was the way the Bashi
Bazouks operated: They presented
themselves before a Christian village,
and, according to the "order of au-
thority," required complete disarmament.
After this order was obeyed a
massacre of the men so disarmed was
begun. In case the villagers refused to
hand over their guns, etc., their village
was immediately set on fire. Several
villages which had never been armed,
and which, consequently had no arms to
deliver—a fact well known to the mur-
derers—were treated in just the manner
I have indicated. The people of Perouchitza
answered that they would deliver their
arms to soldiers of the regular
army, but not to the Bashi-Bazouks.
Then the attack commenced by firing
the village at the four corners. The
fight lasted four hours, and the inhabi-
tants, surrounded by fire, took refuge in
one of the two churches. The "au-
thority" then sent cannon, but the un-
fortunate people held together, though
at this point they were willing to parley.
At length, completely outnumbered,
they consented to surrender. The first
to leave the church were shot down in
cold blood the instant they showed
themselves; they then comprehended
that the attack was made with but one
object, namely, a general extermination,
and they resolved to stand out to the
last. Thus, in a word, there now re-

maine of this village absolutely nothing
of the 350 houses—nothing, nothing,
nothing. I defy any one to find any
other trace than a portion of the church,
whose four walls are riddled with bul-
lets, and a piece of another wall a few
feet in height. The only object remain-
ing inside the church was the half of a
painting representing St. Paul, all that
remains of a township which paid 500,
000 francs a year for duties.
And as to the population of over two
thousand persons, they are now reduced
to one hundred and fifty old people and
children, who mourn among the ruins
which cover all that was dear to them.
Not a strong man is left, not a woman.
All these have been slain, and all those
who escaped the massacre have been car-
ried away into slavery to the other side
of the Balkans, where they will be sub-
jected to the Pomacs, renegade Chris-
tians, still more ferocious than the Mus-
suls themselves, and who are always
on the raid. The abandoned children
who strayed into the country have been
caught and sold at an average rate of
fifty piasters each—a little less than \$3
—the little girls, at least those who were
pretty, sent to Constantinople and
placed upon those secret markets for
such bargains which always exist. They
will be scattered among the harems,
where the ladies always have little girls
which they raise to sell when their lit-
tle come of age. These are their lit-
tle perquisites. You will understand that
the slave dealers are "expected from
Mexico," a rumor now being in circula-
tion that the sale of women is about to
be recommenced.
It will be seen that the old Turk is just
as low as the moment after the conquest;
indeed, these people have not advanced
one step morally, and some of the re-
cent events have destroyed all that Eu-
ropean civilization has been able to
achieve in fifty years upon this essen-
tially brutish population. One hundred
and twenty-one villages burned, women
violated and children hacked to pieces.
The Bashi-Bazouks take the latter by an
arm or a leg, give them their choice of
with their knives and then pass on to
the next. Those considered most adroit
in this bloody work cut the little ones
in two across the waist at a blow. A
priest told me that some few days pre-
vious, while he was crossing a ford, one
of these half bodies injured the legs of
his horse. One priest was crucified,
another was roasted alive. Further on
he saw women impaled on stakes drawn
from ricks of hay. My mind shrank
from the remembrance of these horrors,
and I will conclude in the words of some
of the countrymen to me: "Whatso-
ever you may say to your readers, you
will always be within the truth."

The Little Russians.

The Little Russians inhabit an inland
district in the southwest of Russia.
They are a primitive people, and of
their funeral rites a striking account has
recently been given by a member of the
St. Petersburg geographical society.
When any one dies in Little Russia a
jug of water is placed on the window-
sill, that the soul may be able to perform
its ablutions before setting out on its long
journey. That it may have the sun to
light it on its way the funeral takes
place at sunset. Within the coffin are
placed various articles of food and cloth-
ing, along with some money, that the
deceased may have a prosperous start in
his new life. The shavings of the wood
of which the coffin has been made, and
the tools used by the dead man, if he
has been an artist, are also included in
it. With these are put the parings of his
finger nails, which both men and
women in Little Russia preserve all
their lives, in consequence of a super-
stitious notion that they will enable
them to climb the mountains that sepa-
rate the earth from the mysterious
region of the dead. Female nuptials
are invited to follow the coffin, and an
old woman scatters handfuls of wheat
over the mourners and along the road,
a proceeding which is considered lucky
for the living. The coffin is surrounded
with ows—this being the continuance
of an ancient custom prevalent among
the Hindus; it is thought to purify and
disperse the evil dwelling in which the
death has taken place.
The Little Russians believe that the
soul remains for some time in the house,
in the shape of a butterfly; and the cats
and fowls are driven away for fear they
should eat it up. After the funeral a
banquet is held, at which a cover is
laid for the deceased, who is supposed
to preside during the festivities. The
dead are held to the hurtful rather
than well disposed to their surviving
friends. This, however, is not always
the case; mothers sometimes, for ex-
ample, revisit their children and lavish
great tenderness upon them. But it is
essential that the children keep their
visits secret, or they will call down
the vengeance of the mother on their native
village.

Curious Case of Spasms.

The Augusta (Me.) Journal says:
The other day a gentleman from Port-
land came to Augusta, accompanied by
a friend, and was stopping at the house
of Mrs. Temple. One evening, after
supper, he was sitting with his friend
in the front yard engaged in smoking.
He remarked that a fit was coming on,
as he felt the unmistakable symptoms. He
was soon rolling upon the ground, froth-
ing at his mouth, and to all appearances
in mortal agony. He made a noise
somewhat similar to the barking of a
dog. He would also try to bite. Five
persons attempted to hold him, but
were unable to do so, during his most
severe convulsions. The poor fellow re-
mained in this condition some twenty-
four hours, and did not appear to be
greatly exhausted when he came to him-
self. He remarked that the reaction al-
ways came two or three days afterward.
He relates that twelve years ago he was
bitten by a dog, and since that time an-
nually, and only once a year, he is
afflicted by these manifestations that
greatly resemble hydrophobia. He al-
ways had sufficient warning of their
coming. They occur later every year;
last year he was attacked in June. When
he is conscious of an approaching attack,
he takes the precaution to tie down, or
otherwise he has a desire to pursue and
bite whoever may come in the way.

OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

Woman and the Centennial—Brazilian But-
terflies and Their Use—Miscellaneous
Notes of the Exhibition.
WOMAN AND THE CENTENNIAL.
In the Woman's department of the
Exhibition may be seen the following
inventions, all of which are practical: A
griddle greaser, bath chair, life saving
mattress, combination desk, dish drain-
er, patent flower stand, dress charts,
dust receiver, baby's exercising corset,
fireproof house of voluminous material,
mangling, washing and drying machine,
broiler, invalid's chair, smoothing mat-
tender, models for teaching children
object drawing, a window shutter and
fastener, trunk hinge, lunch heater,
traveling bag, postage stamp moistener,
bureau trunk, bedstead, bureau and safe,
sewing machine attachments, and many
other articles whose enumeration would
occupy too much space for a letter.

BRAZILIAN BUTTERFLIES.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, sends a collection
of butterflies. The class insect,
order Lepidoptera, Family Noctuidae,
Section Bombycinae, Genus Attacus,
Subgenus Saturnia, Species Aurora.
This butterfly abounds in Brazil. It
produces each generation 240 cocoons of
silk, each cocoon weighing two and one-
half drachms and producing thirty
grains of fine silk. The fiber is of a
yellowish color; it is strong, elastic and
long; a single thread sustains a weight
of four drachms, and a cord of twenty-
four threads resists the weight of three-
fourths of a pound. The great advan-
tage in the cultivation of this Lepidop-
tera consists, that the butterfly in-
closed in the cocoon can be preserved
and utilized without breaking the fiber.

CLASSIFICATION.

In a previous letter I mentioned how
articles are classified. It may be useful
for reference to continue the explain-
ation for the benefit of students and
scientific readers, who may wish to
know the standard of articles required
for exhibition. With class 110 begins
metallurgical products—110 precious
metals, 111 iron and steel in the pig,
ingot, and bar, plates and sheets, with
specimens of slags, fluxes, residues and
products of working, 112 copper in in-
gots, bars, and rolled with specimens,
illustrating its various stages of pro-
duction—class 113 lead, zinc, antimony,
and other metals, the result of extrac-
tive processes, 114 alloys used as ma-
terials, brass, nickel, silver, solder, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Pittsburgh, Pa., sends a diamond cir-
cular stone sawing machine, which cuts
in ordinary sandstone one hundred and
fifty square feet per hour, counting both
sides of the cut, leaving the stone per-
fectly in line, finished ready for the
builder, doing more than can be accom-
plished by one hundred men in the same
space of time.
Philadelphia has an impact brick ma-
chine, which makes a brick with a
blow.
An important scientific exhibit from
Philadelphia is a coal and ore separator.
This machine separates all solid sub-
stances that differ in specific gravity,
and from the smallest particles to four
inches in size.
From Peru, Illinois, is a well boring
and prospecting machine with which a
man and a horse can bore twenty feet
per hour.
Philadelphia has a chromotype cylin-
der printing press that prints five colors
at once. Philadelphia also exhibits a
paper collar machine, which cuts,
stamps, buttonholes, and finishes 30,000
collars a day.
Lawrence, Massachusetts, exhibits
portable steam engines sized to 100
horse power, automatic variable cut-off
giving uniform speed. These engines re-
quire only twenty to thirty pounds of
feed water, and three to three and one-
quarter pounds of coal per hour.
Those studying dogology or canism
will be pleased to know that at least 150
setters will compete for one prize alone
at the dog show; all entries are free of
charge.
The Scottish team has been selected,
the rifleman from Australia are en route,
the Irish and American rifle teams are
practicing, the Canadian team has not
been made up, but will participate in
the competitive international rifle strug-
gle on the twelfth and thirteenth of Sep-
tember.
The beautiful frames and bands with
ornaments inlaid on massive ground and
gilt with burnished washing gold are
the invention of Alois Scheidt; the
merit of the invention consists in the
ornaments not falling off because they are
preserved massive.
Austria exhibits some very delicately
wrought lace covers for parasols.
The most elegantly cut opals are from
Dubnik near Eperies in Hungary. This
place is famous for its work in opal cut-
ting. From Prague, Bohemia, are gar-
net articles in handsome setting.
Vienna sends a very fine collection
as regards taste in formation and variety
of design, in mother of pearl and ivory.
Vienna completes with France in her
display of califanics, which are worth
depreciated at an Austrian seaport, French
califanics, made in Austria, per dozen,
550 florins, or \$247, rating the florin at
forty-five cents gold. White skins,
\$247; brown, \$247; patent, \$250. There
must be a fine margin somewhere, judg-
ing from the prices obtained in the
United States.
The Eisteddfod, which was announced
to be held by the Welsh people, has
been indefinitely postponed, its master
spirit, Rev. R. K. Williams, having been
appointed chaplain of the Ohio peniten-
tiary.
Norway exhibits the national vehicle
(Kariol) Norwegian for carriage. Our
carrilly is a corruption of this. The
Norwegian kariol is far behind the Eng-
lish, or American, carriage, yet I have
no doubt it is better adapted to Norway
than would be the more elegant convey-
ances of the American or English work-
shop. J. B.

An old physician says: If a man is
stricken by lightning, lay him flat on his
back, open his clothing at the pit of his
stomach and dash on it a pail of the
coldest water you can get. In nine
cases out of ten it will restore conscious-
ness and save life if done within fifteen
or twenty minutes after the stroke.

A Romance of the Signal Service Bureau.

A correspondent at Washington tells
the following veracious anecdote: I
heard a couple of days ago a hitherto
unpublished romance connected with
the life of one of the most prominent
officials of the signal service bureau. He
was, my informant states, once engaged
to be married to a lovely, charming,
and wealthy girl. The eve of the wedding
had dawned—if an eve can dawn—and
they were occupying the same rocking
chair and talking as intently as only
lovers can talk, when the fair one said:
"Albert, there is one thing I wish you
to do when we are married." "Name
it," he replied, making her feel that her
corsets were a mile too large for her,
because, you know, darling, that Mon-
day is washing day, and if the things are
not washed and dried then, the week's
work is so fearfully put back. You will
not you, my own?" The young man's
heart was torn, but he replied: "Mand,
dearest, my duty to my bleeding coun-
try demands imperatively that I shall
whop her up the precise sort of weath-
er that Heaven will probably send im-
partially during the next twenty four
hours upon the just and the unjust,
without regard to age, sex or previous
condition of servitude. If an area of
barometric disturbance exists in the
Middle States on Monday, how can I
consistently with my duty declare that
the probabilities favor clear weather
with light winds from the southeast?
No, angel, I can do nothing but that. I
could not love thee, dear, so darn much,
loved I not love more." "Then you do
not love me," she sobbed, bursting into
tears. The reader will readily un-
derstand how they progressed to a quar-
rel and parted enemies. She returned
his presents, and is now lecturing on
woman's rights, and he is a confirmed
misogynist, and sits up all Sunday night
at the signal service office, with a fiend-
ish gleam making out bulletins for Mon-
day, announcing falling barometers,
atmospheric disturbances, heavy rains,
showery weather, and so on.

Grapes as Food.

The Boston Journal of Chemistry
says: We have on former occasions re-
ferred to the value of fruits as articles
of diet, both in health and sickness.
Grapes may deservedly claim a high
rank among the fruits in this respect.
They contain a considerable amount of
hydro-carbonaceous matter, together with
potassium salts—a combination which
does not tend to irritate, but, on the
contrary, to soothe the stomach, and
which is consequently used with advan-
tage even in dyspepsia. According to
Dr. Hartsen, of Cannes, in France, who
has recently contributed an article on
the subject to a foreign medical journal,
the organic acids of the grape, especially
tartaric acid, deserve more consideration
than they have generally received.
Their nutritive value has, he thinks,
been much underrated. It is known
that they are changed to carbonic acid
in the blood, and possibly careful re-
search may show that they are conver-
sible into fats. Dr. Hartsen thinks that
they should be ranked with the carbo-
hydrates as food. They have been
found a valuable diet in liver, and the
success of the "grape cures" in the
Tyrol and other parts of Europe appears
to show that they are positively ben-
eficial in other diseases. No doubt the
good results of a residence at these es-
tablishments are in a measure to be as-
cribed to the climate and the general
hygienic discipline adopted. The ad-
vantage does not wholly consist in the
fact that so many pounds of grapes are
eaten daily, but partly in the fact that
other less healthful things are not eaten;
and pure air and exercise are also im-
portant elements in the curative treat-
ment. But after giving all true weight
to these allied influences we must allow
no small fraction of the beneficial result
to the grapes.
We rejoice, therefore, at the increased
cultivation of the vine in this country,
and hope to see it go on extending
wherever soil and climate permit. Let
every man who can do it plant a cen-
tennial grape vine, or a score of vines,
beside the "centennial tree" which the
papers have been advising him to set
sooner than he can sit under the shade
of the latter, and his children will bless
his memory for both.

Of a Dramatic Turn.

Of the good things floating about just
now in the French papers the following
is a very good specimen: A huzzar is
sitting on the summit of a hill over-
looking a garrison town. His horse is
picketed near by; he is smoking leisu-
rely, and, from time to time, glancing
from the esplanade to a big official en-
velope he has in his hand. A comrade
passes and says:
"What are you doing here?"
"I am bearing the King's pardon for
our friend Flichmann, who is to be shot
this morning."
"Well, then, hurry along with it."
"Not much. See, there is hardly a
soul on the esplanade, and the firing
parade has not yet been formed. You
surely would not rob my appearance
of all dramatic effect."

A Letter from Stanley.

The New York Herald has received
a letter from Stanley bearing date of
July 23, 1875. It continues the narra-
tive of the explorer's adventures in the
neighborhood of Lake Victoria Nyanza.
At a town called Makongo the party
was surrounded by five hundred armed
negroes, who, however, only forced the
visitors to depart and did them no harm.
At another place where the explorer's
band had the natives stole ears and a drum
and made hostile demonstrations, which
finally resulted in a conflict in which
Mr. Stanley's party killed fourteen and
wounded eight of the natives while they
were endeavoring to capture the boat of
the explorers.

The Source of Disease.

The modern science of medicine, says
the New York Tribune, has achieved its
greatest triumphs in detecting the im-
mediate sources of many diseases and
pointing out the means of avoiding
them. To the list of perils that may be
avoided by proper precaution is now to
be added the danger of illness from the
use of impure ice. The most striking
instance of this on record has been very
fully set forth in a recent report to the
Massachusetts State board of health by
Dr. A. H. Nichols, concerning the out-
break of an intestinal disorder among
the guests at one of the hotels at Rye
Beach in the summer of last year. The
symptoms were those generally follow-
ing a derangement of the digestive sys-
tem; such as nausea, griddness, loss of
appetite, diarrhea, abdominal pain, and
fever. With about five per cent. of the
guests these symptoms were grave and
persistent; among the great majority,
and notably with children under ten
years old, there was no such illness, and
there were no traces of it at the other
hotels and in the cottages of Rye Beach.
The sewerage of the hotel was first care-
fully investigated, and then the water
supply, the proprietors of the hotel
leading eager aid to thorough research;
even the kitchen and its processes were
overhauled without finding the cause of
trouble. At last it was discovered in
the ice with which the hotel was sup-
plied. This had been procured from a
pond of which the outlet had in recent
years been closed by sand and stones
washed up from the sea; the pond thus
becoming a stagnant receptacle of mud
and sawdust, there being two sawmills
on the stream above. The ice was sub-
jected to chemical analysis, and was
found to contain putrescent vegetable
matter. The hotel stopped using this
contaminated ice, and there was an end
to the sickness among its boarders. The
report concludes by mentioning that
there is a common but quite mistaken
popular notion that when water freezes
its impurities are somehow excluded
from the ice. The moral is so obvious
that it need not be here stated; but in
a general way it may be worth while to
summarize the fact that water which is
not perfectly fit to drink is unsuitable
for an ice supply.

Fashionable Love at Saratoga.

There is little love nowadays, says a
Saratoga correspondent. It is found to
be a poor paying investment, and the
youth of our cities take little stock in
it. There are any number of fashion-
able women here who have sold their
youth and charms for some old man's
gold. This class always frequents the
gay American spa, and you will find
them at Brighton and Ems, and all over
the European continent. Their aim in
life is pleasure, and so they wander, for
this bright delusion is ever before the
dazzled eye of its followers. At the
States is a very noticeable lady of this
class—a lady with the cold face of mar-
ble, and gray eyes that darken with
passion and flash with fascination. She
moves with the grace of a Juno and
converses with the charm of a De Stael.
She is courted in high places, and is a
queen of the fashionable world. Only
a brief period ago she was unknown and
unloved. On the return voyage from
Europe she met the man whom she
made her fate—a man who has almost
reached the three score and ten years of
man's short, unattractive life—a man
well known in the great marts of trade
and in the great centers of fashion.
Twice before had he tasted the sweets
and bitters of matrimony, but not until
this charmer came did he really know
what love was, he says. She pets and
cajoles the old gentleman and luxuri-
ates in his fortune and in his princely
mode of life. From plain dresses and a plain
life she swept into velvets and gems and
position; and with this loveless heart
and this glittering life is not a woman
of her kind happier than she would be
as the wife of a poor man who could
give her nothing but love and medi-
cinity?

Indians in the War.

Father Mesplie, who is well posted
on the Indian tribes, gives the following
estimate of their numbers: He puts the
Sioux down at 20,000; the Crows at
15,000; Blackfoot, 20,000; Utes or Utahs,
35,000; and in addition there are the
Briale, Ogallala, Minneconjou, Yantcon-
nais, Uncappa, Two Kettles, San Acres,
and Sontoo bands. Some of the Crows
and some others that live around the re-
servation are friendly, but many who pro-
fess friendship will gather arms and
ammunition for their tribes. He says
they are in strong alliance with each
other to carry on this war, although
when they have no common enemy to
fight they fight each other; but now they
are united against that they consider a
common enemy, and will turn out all
their warriors, and they will number at
least 50,000, and the father says it is
likely to be the most formidable and
bloody Indian war in the history of our
government. They are well armed, and
will fight to the death whenever they are
cornered.

A Lover's Advice.

There was a large excursion party in
Detroit, the Free Press says, and about
noon three or four couples entered a
confectionery store and made pur-
chases. One girl did not want candy,
and so her lover invested in ten cents
worth of dates—a fruit neither had ever
eaten before—and he gave her the
largest half. As they stood at the door,
eating away, dropped it into her hand
seeds or pits, dropped it into her hand
and looked at him, and then tossed it
back into her mouth and closed her
teeth upon it. She bit and chewed and
bit, and was red in the face from her
exertions when her lover looked up,
realized the situation, and called out:
"What on earth are you driving at?"
When you come to seed you must stand
on yer toes and swallow 'em hull, and if
she goes down hard, I'm here to pat ye
on the back."

A widow at Martha's Vineyard is ex-
hibiting the house in which her husband
was killed by lightning. Admission
costs twenty-five cents, and the curiosi-
ties to be seen are a shattered bedstead,
broken mirrors, and a photograph of
the man after death.

Resignation.

Let nothing make thee sad and froful,
Or too regretful;
Be still—
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find it in thine own delight,
My will.
Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Items of Interest.

Upward of 8,000 newspapers are read
by the people of the United States.
Charlotte, Mich., claims to be the
healthiest place on earth. There has
been a death in that town in fourteen
years old.
"Ma, dear," said an intelligent pet,
"what do they play the organ so loud
for when church is over? Is it to wake
us up?"
The family tree of a Texas family
shows a branch on which several mem-
bers have been hung for borrowing
horses.
The only way a farmer can get a little
even with a city visitor is to borrow his
silk umbrella to wear while he is getting
the cows.
A young poet of the realistic school
writes: "Time marches on with the
slow, measured tread of a man working
by the day."
They had a bread famine at San Fran-
cisco on the fifth of July, owing to the
patriotism of the journeymen bakers,
who refused to bake on the centennial
fourth.
Rice culture in Louisiana employs
30,000 people on 1,800 plantations; pro-
duces a crop worth \$3,000,000, and de-
velops business to the extent of \$10,
000,000.
In 1792 the first canal of the United
States were built in Massachusetts.
These were short ones on the Connecti-
cut river, one being two miles long and
the other three.
The old mania for Persian cats with
long tails has again broken out among
the Daimios of Japan. An enterprising
captain of a merchant vessel sold three
a short time ago for \$3,200.
A novel method of electioneering was
adopted by a couple of residents of
Monroe, Mich., who have voted to run
a foot race, the loser to give for the
other's candidate for the Presidency.
The Chinese question on the Pacific
coast has assumed a more serious aspect
since it has been discovered that im-
migration from China has been the means
of introducing leprosy into California.
The Corpus Christi (Texas) Times
has been studying human nature. It
says:
To owe, is human,
To pay up, divine.
Kansas is bound to complain. Last
year she sent out grasshopper mission-
aries begging for bread. This year she
says there are not men enough in the
State to harvest the enormous crop of
grass.
It is calculated that the whole popula-
tion of Maine could stand on an area of
twenty-two acres, or an area of 1,000
squares, giving to each man, woman
and child a space of one foot by eighteen
inches.
According to recent letters from Bul-
garia, the Turkish troops have butchered
not less than twelve thousand people
within the last few weeks, and burned
scores of towns. Women and children
have suffered fearfully.
It may be of interest to the top of
your head to know that the Sioux scalp
song runs as follows:
Hoo, hoo, hoo, hi-yi!
Hi-yah, hi-yah, hi-yi!
Hoo, hoo, hi-yah, hi-yi!
Thackeray said: "I can't help tell-
ing the truth as I view it." In which
he was not a whit more virtuous than
the rest of us; the only trouble is that
in this enlightened age we can view the
truth in any light and shape that we
want to.
A Bremen paper insists upon it that
a live potato bug has been captured at
that port lately, having worked its way
over to Europe in some empty corn
cobs. The police got possession of it
and placed it for exhibition under a
closed glass.
A post mortem examination in Pitts-
burgh, Pa., the other day, after a mys-
terious death, revealed forty-two stones
in the liver of the subject. They varied
from an inch to an eighth of an inch
in diameter, and doctors pronounce the
case unparalleled.
A very daring Kentucky girl lately
rode her horse close up to the edge of
a yawning chasm and proudly defied any
gentleman of the party to follow her ex-
ample. Not a soul stirred except one
youth, who boldly backed his horse
into the same position, and standing on
his head in the saddle dared her to do
the same.
A butcher of some eminence was in
company with several ladies at a game
of whist, where, having lost two or three
rubbers, one of the ladies addressing him
asked: "Pray, sir, what are the stakes
now?" To which, ever mindful of his
occupation, he replied: "Madam, the
best rump I cannot sell lower than ten
pence half penny a pound."
General William H. F. Lee, eldest
son of General Robert E. Lee, turned
his sword into a pruning hook after the
war, and is now one of the most substan-
tial farmers in Fairfax county, Va. A
local paper describes him as having
"just passed our place, going behind
a fine pair of mules that seemed to know
that a master hand held the reins."
No sooner do we hear of the building
of a new and apparently impregnable
ironclad that it is followed by an account
of a more destructive weapon of trial.
After reading the account of the trial of
a new American missile which took a
splinter out of the cheek of a book agent at
hundred rods, we imagine that the
English will conclude that their iron-
clad